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How the Revival Came.

Some time ago I met a gray-haired minister who told me the following story from his own life. He said: 'I was brought up under Finney, and after my seminary course was sent to carry on a decayed work in a distant country district. There had been no revival, no stirring up of the Holy Ghost in those parts for years. I gathered some godly people in the vestry every Friday night to pray for a revival. We kept this up for fifteen months, but the heavens were as brass above us. When fall came on I set apart a day for united prayer. My heart rejoiced as I saw the farmers driving in with their families, until the schoolhouse behind the chapel was filled.

'I explained that we had gathered to pray for a revival. After the opening hymns and prayers, the meeting was then thrown open. The silence of death settled upon the audience. Everyone waited. Presently a leading old elder rose in a front seat, and said: "Pastor, I don't think that there is going to be a revival of the Holy Ghost here so long as Brother Jones and I don't speak to each other."

'He left his pew, walked down the aisle and found Brother Jones, and said:

'"Brother Jones, you and I have not spoken for five years. Let's bury the hatchet. Here's my hand!"

'The old man returned to his pew and sat down. A sob broke from the audience, and then there was silence again. Soon another elder rose and said:

'"Pastor, I think there will be no revival here while I say fair things to your face and mean things behind your back; I want you to forgive me."

'We shook hands, and the audience relapsed into stillness again.'

The minister told me that he then witnessed the strangest scene of his life. For ten minutes men and women crept noiselessly about the house, squaring old scores. And God began to visit them.

The operatives in a factory near by heard what was going on in the schoolhouse and at the lunch hour they came over in such numbers that they were diverted into the church. The pastor preached to them the simple Gospel, and, within five minutes four of the ringleaders in sin in that community were crying to God for mercy. A revival broke out that swept to and fro over the district for three years.

We are right with God in the exact proportion that we are right with the men and women around us. Let us test ourselves, not by what we are on Sundays at church, but by what we are to the man whom we like least. That is the truest gage.

Is there any unkind jealous feeling between pastor and pastor? any irritation or fretting because of another's success? Are you Christian people prepared to square up old scores, to give up things in business that you know are not perfectly consistent with Christ's command? If so, just shake hands; write that letter; pay that money; have done with that source of irritation. Let the love of God be poured into your soul, and after that joy will come.—The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in 'Back to Bethel.'

He Saved Himself.

A man was travelling an Alpine pass. He went over the glaciers, sinking in the snow, step by step, upward, until he was very weary. High on the summit of the pass a desire to sleep overcame him. He could hardly put one foot before another.

Just as he was almost sinking down into the sleep which would have proved the sleep of death to him, he struck his foot against an object which proved to be the body of another traveller. He bent down, found that the heart had not ceased to beat, and began at once to rub the frozen limbs and to do his best to awaken him. In his effort he was, after a great struggle, successful. He was successful in a double sense, because, in saving another life, he saved his own. He saved the man's life; and in the effort he banished his own desire to sleep, and in this way saved his own life in saving another.

It is thus in the spiritual life. To try to save others is the best way of linking our steps more firmly with the steps of Jesus. —'Friendly Greetings.'

The Secret of Success.

(The 'North-Western Advocate.')

When I was pastor of the village church in Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North Carolina, says the Rev. Dr. Dixon, of Boston, I had been preaching with a special view to reaching the hundreds of young men who were students in the university. Many of them came to church, but only to receive with indifference what was said, or to mock. As my burden for their salvation increased, their opposition grew. Walking through the campus, I could hear my own voice in loud tones coming from behind a tree, or through an open window. Some student, with a talent for mimicry, had been to church the evening before, and he was reproducing the tones of my sermon or prayer. When he had finished, I could hear a volume of laughter from the other students.

I began to feel that I was defeated. Not one of the boys had been converted. One morning as I arose after a restless night, I decided to spend the day in a grove back of the college buildings. Most of the time I gave to reading the Bible and prayer, and my meditation between the reading and prayer was anything but pleasant. There was a horrible feeling of failure. When I returned to my room there came over me such a sense of weakness and unworthiness that I could hardly endure it. It seemed a natural thing for me to fall prostrate on the carpet and groan out my heart before God. This continued for, perhaps, half an hour; and then there came a calm, which was indescribable. I felt certain that God would save those young men and I went to church that evening expecting to see some of them converted. I had not prepared a formal sermon. I read the parable of the prodigal son and commented at random.

I felt anxious to invite a manifestation of interest, for I was sure that young men were there eager to ask for prayer, even to confess Christ. When the invitation was given a score or more of bright, manly fellows came forward to the front seat. Before the series of meetings closed over seventy-five had confessed Christ as Saviour and Lord. The present governor of North Carolina was among them and others have since become eminent in the state.

As I look back upon this experience it seems clear that the secret of it all was that I was led by the Holy Spirit to turn from dependence on myself to simple faith in God the Holy Spirit. I had been expecting that preaching would interest and save the young men. I wove into my sermons history, poetry, philosophy, scripture—everything that I thought might impress their conscience, reason or imagination. It was a transition from influence to power. I had been up to that time striving to influence the young men by argument and appeal. When I began to trust in God, the influence was not dispensed with, but God worked through it in a way worthy of himself.

Conversion of Children.

It is said that a farmer, on being asked, 'How is it that you have such a fine flock of sheep?' replied, 'I take care of my lambs.'

The church which labors for the conversion and development of its children will be a vigorous, missionary church. The 'Advance' says, 'Out of the seventy-one corporate members of the American Board of Missions, nineteen were converted at so early an age that they were unable to remember it, while thirty-four were led to Jesus before fourteen years of age.'

Spurgeon, referring to the incident of the disciples rebuking the mothers who brought young children to Jesus, says: 'It must be a great sin to hinder anyone from coming to Christ. Notice how Jesus condemned this sin. He was much displeased. Mark x., 13-16. He was not often displeased, certainly he was not often much displeased, and when he was, we may be sure the cause was a serious one. He was much displeased at these children being pushed away because it was contrary to the spirit of love and did wrong to the mothers who brought their children out of respect to him, expecting that the benediction of God was in his touch. After condemning the disciples, Jesus took the little ones in his arms and blessed them. All his life he received everyone who came to him.'

Pastor Noel held some revival meetings for children in his church in London. At the second meeting he requested those children who had been converted in the first meeting to go into a side room. Two hundred and fifty followed him, and after a close examination by a number of ministers they all were permitted to go to the platform and testify for Christ. One year afterward these same children were still true to their convictions. One of them was burned to death and sang amid her sufferings,—

'Jesus take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.'

Every child should be a member of the church before he is twelve years old. Then if he lives, there are years of usefulness before him and there are special promises of long life for those who love and trust God. Many children have undoubtedly dropped into their graves who, if they had been properly taught and trained, would be living to-day.—'Morning Star.'

Love in Search of a Word.

The difficulties of missionary pioneer work, especially in learning languages and reducing them to writing, were recently described in a thrilling manner by Willis K. Hotchkiss, an American missionary of the Society of Friends, who has just returned to his work in Central Africa among the Wakamba. He first built his own house assisted by two coast men, as the tribe was hostile and suspicious. Gradually they became friendly and he began to learn their language. Willis Hotchkiss said in a missionary address in England:

'The first word I secured was "Ni-chau," meaning "What is it?" Day and night I pestered every man I met with that question. In the brick-yard muddy hands and pencil added to muddy paper the swelling list of words. In the garden, hoe and spade were dropped for pencil and note-book, as some new word dropped from the lips of the black fellows at my side. So it went through the day with its varied duties, and then at night, by candle light, the day's treasures were gathered up, classified, and made ready for their blessed service. For two years and a half I searched for the word "Saviour." As each day and week and month passed by, it grew bigger with meaning in the light of the frightful need which faced me—a need which I knew I could meet if I could bring that word to bear upon it, but before which I was powerless until that golden key was discovered. But it finally came, and the toil of years was recompensed. Around the evening camp-fire I sat with my men, listening to their stories and watching eagerly for the coveted word. Finally my head man, Kikuvi, launched upon a tale which I hoped would bring it. He told how Mr. Krieger had some months before been attacked by a lion and badly wounded, and how he had been rescued. But to my great disappointment he did not drop the concrete word for which I was looking. Sick at heart, I was about to turn away, when in a modest way he turned to me, saying, "Bwana nukuthaniwa na Kikuvi" (the master was saved by Kikuvi). I could have shouted for joy, for having the verb I could easily make the noun; but to prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt, I said, "Ukuthanie Bwana?" (you saved the master?) and he replied, "Yes." "Why Kikuvi," said I, "this is the word I have been wanting you to give me all these 'moons,' because I wanted to tell you that Yesu died to Ku——," I got no further. The black face lit up, as in the lurid light of the camp-fire he turned upon me, exclaiming, "Master! I see it now! I understand! This is what you have been trying to tell us all these moons, that Yesu died to save us from the power of sin!" Never did sweeter word fall from mortal lips than that word "Saviour" as it fell from the lips of that black savage in Central Africa.'—'The Bombay Guardian.'

Alphabetical Reinforcements

A did it—Aided with his presence.
B did it—Backed up the leader.
C did it—Came to time.
D did it—Didn't refuse.
E did it—Everlastingly at it.
F did it—Faithful to the end.
G did it—Gave heed
H did it—Hoped all things.
I did it—Ignored slights.
J did it—Joined in every time.
K did it—Kept right on.
L did it—Led in every good work.
M did it—Met his engagements.
N did it—Never gave up.
O did it—Offered to help.
P did it—Prayed without ceasing.
Q did it—Quenched not the Spirit.
R did it—Repented and went.
S did it—Stood by.
T did it—Took hold and lifted.
U did it—Used tact.
V did it—Volunteered his services.
W did it—Worked night and day.
X did it—Exchanged smiles.
Z did it—Zealous of good works.

—The Rev. J. W. Weddell, in 'Baptist Union.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Princess Lolita

('Christian Register.')

No one who saw the two little girls talking together would have guessed that one was a princess and the other a forester's daughter. Indeed, one of the little girls did not know it herself. That is, Frieda, who had lived all her life in the little cottage on the edge of the park, had no idea that her companion was the princess whose name was held precious all over the kingdom, and whose picture was in every house and shop in city or town or country. Why, Frieda had a picture of Lolita hung up in her own room; but it never occurred to her that the beruffled and befrilled little princess, in the dainty white frock, who smiled so graciously to her from the gilded frame, bore any resemblance to the rather cross and—oh, I don't like to confess it, but I must—bad-mannered little girl beside her.

'I eat my bread and milk out of a golden bowl when I am at home,' she was saying haughtily.

'Do you?' responded Frieda, politely, though really she was wondering if Lolita wasn't making fun of her. 'It's too bad; for then you can't have lovely pink roses on it, like the roses on my mug.'

The princess frowned.

'And I have silk dresses that are golden in the sunlight and silver in the moonlight.'

'That's better,' said Frieda, approvingly. 'That sounds just like a fairy story. What comes next? Do tell me some more.'

Lolita smiled more graciously. 'I don't have to tell such things at home, because everybody knows me; but I never had anybody talk to me the queer way you do.'

'I was just going to ask you what your name is. I don't see many little girls here, and it will be great fun if we can play together after I get my work done.'

Lolita was about to say that she wasn't allowed to play with other children; and she began, 'Madam von Stallwegen told me not to tell anybody who I am, but I will if I want to, and—'

'Oh, no, don't,' interrupted Frieda, hastily. 'I don't care in the very least. I heard about a man down in the village who escaped from State's prison; and, when the officers caught him they went all over the place, trying to find out whether anybody had known his real name. Dear me! I don't want to know.'

The little princess was offended. 'That isn't the reason with us,' she said proudly. 'You aren't very polite. I am going home now.'

'All right, Miss High-and-Mighty,' said Frieda, rather cross herself. 'I suppose I must call you something.'

'That is not at all necessary,' said the princess, with her loftiest air. And she walked back through the winding avenues of the park.

That was the first time the two little girls had happened to meet in the park. The great house belonged to a nobleman at court, but he had no family and rarely came there; and Frieda did not know how it happened that suddenly the place seemed alive with servants putting things in order, and then came guests who apparently took absolute possession. Perhaps her father knew, because he had charge of the park; but he did not tell Frieda.

The truth was simple enough. The Princess Lolita had become nervous and tired with the strain of her studies and the excitement of the city palace. Her cheeks grew pale, her eyes ached, and she was so cross that her governesses and Madame von Stallwegen were tired out with her. The wise old doctor had managed this visit to the south in time for the awakening spring, and Lolita was to run about the park and have partial vacation from her books and training.

The knowledge of her exact whereabouts was kept a secret from the newspapers, because, if it were generally known, the place would be besieged with visitors and reporters and beggars; and, though they could not penetrate the guarded park, yet they might cause annoyance and destroy the sense of freedom which Madame von Stallwegen desired.

After a single week Lolita's cheeks began to grow rosy again, and her appetite improved; but, oh, dear! her temper seemed more uncertain than ever.

'What wretched fate ever induced me to undertake this charge?' moaned Madame von Stallwegen to herself. 'Why isn't Lolita quiet and obedient like her two older sisters? The queen will think I am growing old.'

Naughty Lolita knew that Madame was worried, and made life no easier for her. One day she was positively unendurable. She scolded all the servants who came in her way, refused to speak to her English governess and declared she hated the English, reduced her little maid to tears by her impatience, flew into a temper because her favorite saddle horse had not been sent on from the city, and finally spoke so rudely to Madame von Stallwegen that the good lady swept indignantly from the room. More than that, a letter came just then from the queen, her mother, bidding her remember the duties that belonged to her, and urging consideration for Madame.

'The old lady has been telling tales,' she said angrily. 'I just hate to be a princess. I don't want to have to do things. I won't—I won't.'

She threw herself on a lounge, and sobbed violently for a time. After a while, as nobody came near her, she rose, put on her hat, slipped out without telling anybody, and walked slowly down the avenue of copper beeches.

She and Frieda had met once or twice since that first day, and she knew where Frieda lived. Without really intending it, she walked in that direction, going on and on, growing finally quiet and a little ashamed of herself. She had eaten little breakfast, and by the time she came within sight of the forester's cottage she was really faint.

'I will go there and ask for a drink of milk,' she thought. When she came to the garden, she hesitated. She could see Frieda washing dishes by an open window, singing a gay little springtime song, and looking the picture of content.

'Good-morning, my lady,' called Frieda, merrily. Lolita knew that Frieda called her 'my lady' in fun, if not in mockery; but it was good-natured, and she did not mind. She went up to the window and stood there, watching Frieda, who went on with her work, merely saying, 'Mother has gone to market, and I'm all alone here.'

'Can't you come out in the park?' asked Lolita, in a friendly tone. She felt somehow as if she wished Frieda would like her, even if she didn't know she was the princess.

'No, I'd like to; but I've got to work. I must sweep and dust, and water the flowers, and feed the birds, and make the beds. If you come in and help, I might go out for half an hour or more.'

'All right, I will,' said Lolita, with an amiability that astonished nobody but herself, 'if you'll give me a drink of milk first.'

So Frieda brought a glass of milk in her big mug with the pink roses, and Lolita said not a word about golden bowls. Then she ate two generous slices of rye bread and butter, and felt better than ever. Then she helped Frieda with the dishes, carrying them carefully to the little corner cupboard across the room. Then they watered the flowers and fed all the birds, and Frieda started to sweep up the room, while Lolita brushed off the wide piazza on the other side of the house. Somehow, Frieda did not think it very well done.

Frieda's mother came back from market before the two girls finished the work; and, as soon as she saw who was helping, she sent them both into the park, thanking Lolita in a friendly, perfectly dignified way.

They seated themselves on a rustic bench, half hidden by shrubs.

'Tell me, Frieda,' said Lolita, thoughtfull, 'do you have to work like this every day?'

'Oh, sometimes much harder,' said Frieda. 'I black the stove, and clean the pots and pans, and cook the dinner, and learn the multiplication table; and that's the worst. I have to study every day. I do sums, and learn geography and 'most everything.'

The two girls sat silent for a time; and then Lolita asked, almost humbly: 'Tell me, Frieda, how you can work so hard all the time and yet be so jolly about it. Don't you ever want to scream and kick?'

Frieda hesitated. 'Won't you laugh if I tell you?' Lolita promised. 'Wait a minute, then, and I'll show you.' She ran to the house, and came back again quickly with her beloved photograph of the Princess Lolita in her pretty frock, smiling graciously from the gilded frame.

'There, that's it. I'm not always happy or good, but this is what helps me the most.'

Lolita looked puzzled and surprised with good reason.

'You see,' Frieda went on, 'I used to like to play that I was Princess Lolita, and could travel about and see lovely things and wear pretty clothes, and never have to wash dishes. Sometimes I cried to think I didn't have any friend near here nor half so much fun as the girls in the village. Then father gave me this picture; and, of course, anybody looking at it could see right off what the Princess Lolita would do if she was here and had to work like me. She'd do it like a princess, of course. So I pretend I'm a truly prin-

cess, and just wash dishes for fun or for kindness, or for some nice reason. But sometimes I have to pretend pretty hard and sing pretty loud.'

Lolita said not a word, and Frieda went on: 'It's something like you, too. I know you don't have to work, or you would have known enough to move the settle when you brushed off the piazza; but you must be a truly princess in your heart, because you were willing to help me.' Then she looked troubled. 'I'm afraid you don't see what I mean.'

'Oh, yes, I do—yes, I do,' cried Lolita, fervently. 'And I'm not a truly princess in my heart—no, not a bit! But I'm going to try to be one, just like you. You wait and see. But I'm not a truly princess yet.' She spoke ruefully; but her tone was earnest, and, really, she seemed to see things differently.

After a time she ran home, because she knew Madame would be anxious about her, and that seemed to be the beginning of trying to be a 'truly princess.' Somehow, the whole household was more comfortable after that; for, although nobody can make her heart right all at once, and Lolita did not always remember, yet she kept on trying, and that is the principal thing.

Once Madame said to the English governess: 'Why, Lolita is a different girl. I really think she takes after her sisters; but, to be sure, I have brought them all up myself.'

One night, long after the spring vacation was over, the princess and her mother, the queen, were having a tender, confidential talk together, just as mothers and daughters do who are fortunate enough not to be royal; and Lolita told her mother all about Frieda and her picture, and finished the little story by saying:

'But I don't do just as I said, mamma, dear. When things are hard, I don't pretend even to be a truly princess. I pretend I'm little Frieda, the forester's girl; and I think what she would do if she were in my place. That is much better than playing princess.'

Frieda never guessed who her little friend really was until a big box of pretty things came to her straight from the court; and at the very bottom she found a picture of the princess, taken in the simple dress and big hat that she wore the day when she helped Frieda wash the dishes.

To the Girl Who Travels

A first and indeed almost the only rule needed for conduct in a public place is to strive constantly to efface yourself. Avoid any word or action that will call attention to you. This for conduct; and for conversation with a companion, remember always to speak in a low tone, to omit the mention of your friend's name, and, above all, to suppress the names of persons of whom you may be speaking. The last caution may save you bitter humiliation or embarrassment, for intimate friends, relatives even, of those upon whom your words may carelessly or unkindly dwell, may be close beside you.—'Harper's Bazar.'

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Hettie Green, the Walking Bible.

(Ada Melville Shaw, in 'Ram's Horn.')

There had been sickness in the house and sorrow. Jennet, whose strong hands and willing heart served us for ten years, was called away to her mother's death-bed just when we seemed to need her most. We had had five different 'helpers' in the six weeks that followed Jennet's good-by. Each one was somewhat less desirable than the one before. Then, unexpected, unannounced, came Aunt Hettie Green, a bundle in her hand, sunshine on her broad, black face and homely wisdom on her lips.

'Good-morning, honey! The Lord reigneth! Let the earth rejoice! I'm just from out of town. Heard you was in trouble. You don't remember me, I reckon? I'm Hettie Green. Your mother knew me, honey. And she is in glory now! Oh, honey, those dear ones in glory! They are before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; either shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. There, honey, take me into the kitchen and give me a glance round and we'll soon have all things a-swinging!'

When Hettie was quite a young girl our mother had done her a great and uncommon kindness. Now Hettie had come to us in our greatest need. We none of us knew her, save by what mother had told us, but from the moment I looked into her beaming face that morning, half an hour after the fifth 'girl' had gone, leaving wreck and ruin behind her, I never had an instant's doubt of Hettie Green's power and trustworthiness and spiritual graces.

'Miss Annie, honey! Lunch is ready. I can do better for you to-morrow. Guess it's a dinner of yarbs, mainly, but better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. There's love in the lunch to-day, honey!'

Certainly it seemed as if that warm heart loved us all and had sought us out purely for love's sake. But I am not to tell how she blessed our home. You have noticed how she spoke Scripture. I have not said quoted, and I have not written down any parts of her sentences as quoted. It was as though the Word had become a part of herself and spoke through her. She was a daily wonder to us. More than that, she was a daily uplift. One day she told me this story:

'When I came to know Jesus Christ, honey, the very first thing I wanted to do was to be a missionary. Think of it! And I could neither read nor write. All I could do was cook and clean and wash and such like. I was seventeen and smart. So I just went to night school and in a year I could read my own letters and make out to write one pretty well. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low and he helped me. O Lord, truly I am thy servant and thou hast loosed my bonds!

'Well, honey, when I could read I wanted a Bible. I was going to church and class regularly. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Honey! All I have, I can do, all I am, I owe to the house of the Lord! I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk unrightly.'

It is impossible to convey by printed words any adequate idea of the depth of power in Aunt Hettie's speech. Reverence, exaltation, faith, trust, throbbed through her earnest words and thrilled her hearers.

'As I was saying, honey, I wanted to be a missionary. I wanted to tell people what God could do for them. I wanted to be a witness unto him both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

'Oh, honey! How ignorant I was. I could not see why God did not fill my hands with gold and send me out to preach. The fire burned in my soul till I could bear it no more and I went to my pastor and told it to him. "Hettie," says he, "how much patience have you?" Then I was glad, for I knew Hettie Green was rich in patience and I told him so. He asked me about my night school, gave me a Bible and had me read to him. Then he said, "Come to see me again in a week."

'I thought for sure he was going to tell me how to be a missionary and the days could not go fast enough till the week was up. What do you think he did? He gave me a big Bible printed in big letters. My name was written in it and the date. It was just a few days before Christmas. "Hettie," says he, "I want you to take this book and study it for one year. All you know about the Bible now is what you have heard. See: I have marked it. There are fifty-two texts all ruled under with red ink. I want you to learn one text a week." I'll show you the Bible, honey.

It was a well-bound book and a well-used book. It bore the marks of careful but long handling. Here and there, from Genesis to Revelation, it was marked in red ink and opposite these verses were small crosses in pencil.

'It is twenty years, honey, since that good man set me to learning the Word. All I did that first year was to learn one verse a week, so I could say it without a mistake. I used to repeat it every Sunday morning in class. See, here is the first one I learned, over here in Genesis: And he believed in the Lord and he counted it to him for righteousness. Over here in Revelation is the last one I learned that year and I shouted it aloud with joy in class that Christmas morning:

'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'

As Hettie stood up and repeated the wonderful passage, it seemed as though she herself was standing beside those living waters and crying the great news of them to perishing, thirsty ones. Did she not know, dear, honest soul, that every day she was doing the work of a missionary among those around her?

'Honey, I was heaps wiser for knowing fifty-two little parts of God's Word, but I had not yet given up my notion of going far away to preach the Word. I took my Bible and fairly ran to my pastor.

"Now!" I said, "Can I go?" He looked at me a long time and then he said: "Hettie! How much patience have you?" Just what he said before. It was hard that time, for Hettie Green was getting a mite proud. I had quit night school for I could read quite well. Whenever I found words I did not know I used to copy them out and ask my pastor or class leader. I had to work hard and night school took more of my time than I had "Hettie!" says my pastor, "I want you to take one of these verses you have learned—one each week—and tell it to somebody else." Now, I thought I had been doing that when I recited my verses in class. "Tell them to somebody who needs them, Hettie! Each week, ask the Lord to tell you what verse he wants you to speak for him. When you have delivered the message mark the verse with a cross in the margin—this way." '

I turned the page of the Book and saw how many, many verses were underlined and crossed. Faithful Hettie!

'Then my troubles began, Miss Annie! Sometimes I'd pick out a verse I liked—I'd forget to pray about it—and when I found somebody who was not a Christian the verse maybe would not fit at all. Then I'd try to remember one that would, and maybe it was so long since I'd learned it I could not say it right. I got into all sorts of trouble. Sometimes there were ever so many people I thought I ought to speak to but not one that I wanted to! Then I'd get scared and keep still. Then I'd get bold and make folks mad at me. I did everything but give up. Now and then the Lord was gracious unto me and blessed someone through Hettie's poor, black lips. But I hung to it—hung to it a solid year. It was a solid year! Then I went to my pastor again and told him my patience was about given out and I guessed I could never be a missionary. I had my Bible with me, for I thought maybe he'd have something else for me to do.'

'Had you gone through the fifty-two verses, Hettie?'

'Every one of them, honey! When I couldn't do anything else I'd copy one out on a piece of paper and hand it to someone.

'Well, that good man took my Bible and turned the pages over and over and when he looked up his eyes were full of tears. "Shall we try again, Hettie?" he said. I was ashamed to say no, but I could not see the use of it and I told him so. "Leave the Book with me for two or three days," says he.

'When I went back to get it, he showed me a new set of verses, all marked in purple ink—you saw purple lines in places? But there were not so many of those, only ten. "Hettie," says that good man, "every morning before you begin your work, I want you to read over these verses, on your knees. Read them before your Heavenly Father. Read them to your Heavenly Father. Pray to him to teach you what they mean. Do this every morning for a month."

'I was so glad, Miss Annie, he did not say a year! I had lots of patience but not enough for that. What do you suppose those verses were all about? My mouth! "Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day." "Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say." "The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "I have put my words in thy mouth."

'Miss Annie, honey, those four weeks saved Hettie from foolishness and pride! On my knees I learned that unless God speaks through the mouth it had much better keep still. I learned that God made man's mouth and knows how to use it. I learned that the thing for Hettie was to know the Word, to hide it in her heart and then lean upon the Lord to use it through her mouth.

'I joined a Bible class and I learned the lessons every week so I could say them with my eyes shut. I prayed more and more. I clean forgot about wanting to be a missionary. I was so busy and so happy. There was hardly a day went by I could not speak something out of the Word for someone's help or comfort.

'One Sunday there was a missionary came to our church. I had never seen one before. He was a colored man and I was very proud to see him. How he preached! I never forgot one thing he said: "The poor people in Africa need Bibles," he said, "but they need walking Bibles. They cannot read. But they can listen." I just said to myself then, "Why, Hettie Green, that's what you can be here at home! You can be a walking Bible! You've got a good memory. You can't preach. You can't do anything but repeat the Bible verses. That's what God wants to use your mouth for!"

'I was so happy! I ran to my pastor and told him. He just shouted, right there among the people. The missionary shouted. The people all shouted and the Lord set a seal upon me there and then in the conversion of five dear souls.

'Since then, honey, I've tried to make the Bible walk and talk. That's why I came to you when I did. I was out of work and wondering where the Lord wanted me to go. And I heard your mother had gone away home to the Holy City and you needed someone just like Aunt Hettie and here I am! I am as a wonder unto many; but Thou art my strong refuge. Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise and with Thy honor all the day!'

Aunt Hettie Green is with us yet, and there is not a day that she does not bear messages of cheer or duty, not only to us but to many whom she meets in her busy life. She is, indeed, a walking Bible, giving eager feet to the blessed truths of God.

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Some After-Thoughts of Vacation.

(S. Jennie Smith, in 'The Christian Intelligencer.')

'What did the summer teach you, dear?' Hope turned with a puzzled face and met Grandma Greyson's searching, though kindly eyes.

'What did the summer teach me?' she repeated; 'why, grandma! I didn't go away to be taught—I just went to—to—'

'To be a butterfly, I suppose,' and there was a quizzical smile on grandma's face.

'Well, not that exactly,' Hope said with some hesitation. She hardly liked the name when applied to herself. 'Of course, I did go to rest and have a good time,' she went on thoughtfully; 'but then hadn't I earned that rest and that good time? Don't you think, grandma, that there is a difference between the vacation days of a tired school-teacher, and the life of a butterfly that does nothing all the time but flit from one flower to another?'

'To be sure there is, child,' the old lady said with more seriousness, 'and yet perhaps the butterfly does much that we do not give it credit for. I must confess my ignorance on that subject, for I have never had an opportunity to study it. I know, at any rate, that the world is more beautiful because the butterflies are here.'

'Yes, it is,' Hope readily assented; 'I saw some pretty ones while I was away. Sometimes it seemed to me that I ought to do a little studying of Nature, but then other things interfered, and time passed so rapidly that vacation was over before I had got to work at it. Is that what you meant, grandma?'

'No, dearie, it was not that. Of course, I believe thoroughly in nature-study. I'm sure there is a great deal of benefit and pleasure to be derived from it. But it was of something else that I was thinking. I wondered if the every-day association with others—others that haven't the loving consideration for you that the dear ones here at home have—had taught you anything. Since you came back have you had any after-thoughts that were likely to really strengthen and sweeten your character?'

'After-thoughts?'

Hope repeated the word in a questioning tone, but a moment's reflection drove away the puzzled look from her face, and brightening, she said:

'I really believe I have had some after-thoughts that ought at least to be really strengthening to one's character, though at the time I did not recognize them as such. This very morning I was thinking of a few things that happened where I was staying, and I realized that we could either become very selfish during our vacation days, or else learn to have a greater regard for others than we would be apt to have at ordinary times. For instance, where we were boarding there is a long, pleasant piazza that was always shady and cool in the afternoon. On that piazza were six big, comfortable rocking chairs. Always after lunch there was a grand rush for them, and the ones who came late had to hunt up other chairs or sit on the steps. Every body was for self—that is, nearly everybody. There were exceptions, of course, though they were few. One young girl, I think, I shall never forget. She was not exactly pretty, but she had the sweetest face, the loveliest manner, that

I ever saw. And there was nothing studied about it, either. Everything she did seemed to be prompted by a kind, loving heart. Her name was Winnie, and some of us thought her well-named. Need I tell you, grandma, that Winnie never rushed for one of those chairs? To be sure she would take one if she found it unoccupied, and even then she would insist on giving it up to the first elderly person who came along, if all the other chairs were in use. More than once, too, she gave up her seat to one of the girls who happened to be very tired, or was not feeling well. And yet Winnie was always comfortable and happy. You would really think when a girl gave in so much to others she would leave herself nothing to enjoy, but nobody had a better time right along than Winnie did. One day I heard an old gentleman say to a lady friend:

'"Miss Winnie is veritably an ideal Christian. Her every-day life is like a beautiful sermon."

'Then there were other ways in which she showed what she really was. You know among so many different kinds of people as are usually found in a boarding place, one is apt to feel a little backward about keeping up certain religious duties, but Winnie went right on, simply and naturally doing what she believed to be right, without regard to what others thought of her.'

'A beautiful character, truly,' grandma remarked; 'but tell me, in a whole houseful of people were there no others worthy of mention?'

'Oh, yes! there were a few others that I like to think about. I remember a dear twelve-year-old boy who was so considerate with the little boys that we could not help noticing him. He played with them, he amused them, he helped them out of difficulties, and when he went with boys of his own size, he nearly always had a little fellow in charge. "What should we do without Dick?" one of the mothers said of him.

'I remember, too, an old lady whom they called Mother Mason. She was always so pleasant and cheery. She never complained that the weather was too hot or too cool. She never complained of being tired, though sometimes I was sure she must have been. She was always satisfied at the table. She didn't wish, as some others were constantly doing, that there was something different for the meal. Then there was Kit, merry, fun-loving Kit, who enjoyed everything so thoroughly that I was surprised to find that she had gone when she had been there only a week.

'"What, already!" I exclaimed, when I heard about her going.

'"Yes," said the girl who had been her constant companion. "Kit was to stay for two weeks, but she found out that she could let a delicate friend have one of the weeks, so she has gone home to send her up. You see, Kit works in a store, and she has two weeks' vacation, but her friend could not get away from home, where there is a large family to do the housework for, so Kit has gone to spend her other week doing that housework for her friend while she gets a rest up here." Grandma, wasn't that noble of Kit?'

'It was, deary, and it makes me love her even without seeing her. Indeed, I feel as if I had made the acquaintance of four noble persons—Winnie, with her sweet, loving manner; Dick, kindly, helpful, and considerate; cheery Mother Mason, and merry Kit, with her self-sacrificing devotion to her friend. Your afterthoughts have helped me, my child, just as I know they have helped you.'

Freddie's Interests

Freddie had an idea. It glowed in his cheeks and sparkled in his eyes as he raced up the narrow street and burst into the little front room where his mother was sewing trousers for the tailor store.

'O mother!' he exclaimed with quivering eagerness, 'why don't we put money in the bank, to draw interest? Willie Stevens's papa puts some money in the bank every week. Willie says that's the way to get rich.'

Mrs. Goodwin stopped her work and regarded Freddie with a strange smile. She was a widow, and she had to work hard to support herself and her three small children. Freddie's proposition amused her, but she was not so much surprised by it as some mothers might have been. Freddie was constantly developing new ideas, and she was always prepared to hear him ask an odd question.

The little boy was greatly excited now. In his mind's eye he saw his mother dressed in silk. He pictured how it would be to move away from their shabby little house to a splendid big mansion like the Stevens's residence.

When they should be rich his mother would not sew for the tailors. She would then have time to take him and his two small sisters out to the park on pleasant summer days. And perhaps he might have a pony, like Willie Stevens, to ride.

The great change was all to be brought about by putting money in the bank to draw interest. So thought Freddie Goodwin.

'Interest is the greatest thing in the world, mother,' he pursued with an eagerness that hardly permitted a breathing spell between his sentences. 'Interest is the money that you get for lending to the bank. Interest keeps growing more and more all the time. Willie Stevens was telling me all about it. Let's put money in the bank right away, mother. 'I've got two cents!'

It was painful for poor Mrs. Goodwin to upset Freddie's air-castle, but she felt obliged to tell him that the bank would not receive his two cents, nor any deposit less than five dollars, and also, that it would require a great many hundreds and thousands of dollars to yield enough interest to support a family.

Freddie listened attentively while his mother explained all this. He looked serious when he understood the facts, but he was not rendered inconsolable by his disappointment. He was naturally a happy boy, and he was disposed to look at the bright side of things. He set about now trying to find a bright side.

'Still, interest is a pretty good thing, isn't it, mother?' he asked.

'Yes, my dear,' answered his mother; 'interest is a very good thing for those who have money to lend.'

'Does anyone ever pay interest for anything else than money?' Freddie asked thoughtfully.

Mrs. Goodwin had begun to sew one of the long trouser seams. She rattled on to the end of it with her noisy machine, and then she stopped and looked at Freddie, who was standing beside her expectantly.

'Yes, Freddie,' she answered; 'there is another kind of interest.'

'What kind? Who gives it, mother?' Freddie asked, becoming excited again.

'Every day we live, Freddie, my dear, we put something away to draw interest for ourselves,' explained Mrs. Goodwin, 'and just as the clerk in the bank, notes the amount of money that people bring to him, and marks it in the bank book, so are the things that we do taken account of by our Heavenly Father.'

'Well, mother, if a person does a good thing, is the good of it growing more and more all the time, like the interest in a bank?' Freddie enquired, with a wondering look.

'Yes, my dear; one good act always brings forth other good acts. Good grows in the world in much the same way that interest accumulates in a bank.'

Freddie was greatly interested in this idea.

'Interest is a splendid thing, mother. I'm so glad that there's another kind besides the interest of real money in a bank, I wish I could do something to put on interest!' he went on seriously. 'I haven't any money to give away to poor people, and I don't know of any one poorer than ourselves.'

Freddie looked a little troubled as he suddenly realized his deficiency. What could he do? He seemed to feel once more that he had nothing but two cents—too small a sum to offer.

'I don't believe I can do anything very good till I'm bigger, mother,' he said rather doubtfully.

Mrs. Goodwin smiled, and drew Freddie to her side with a caress.

'My dear,' she said, 'don't think that you have nothing to give away. When you came in a while ago you gave me a smile that is making me happy yet.'

'O mother!' answered Freddie, delightedly, 'if you are happy, that's lots of interest for me, the interest of a smile.'

And Freddie was happy, too. Somehow he felt that he was growing rich.—Jane Ellis Joy, in 'Canadian Churchman.'

Watching a Boy.

A boy was once walking along a dusty road. The sun was very warm and oppressive, but as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey. He heard a waggon coming, and when it had caught up with him the driver reined in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride, which invitation he gladly accepted. When he was seated in the waggon the gentleman, a good Quaker, said: 'I noticed thee walking along briskly and so asked thee to ride, but if I had seen thee walking lazily I would not have done so by any means.' —'Canadian Royal Templar.'

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What Kate and Tommy Did.

Kate's father and mother were very poor, and Kate and her little brother Tom never had new clothes. They always had to have their things made out of those which others had done with.

But they did not mind this; they were happy although sometimes they had not quite as much to eat as they would have liked.

One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about Jesus going about doing good. 'And Jesus wants us all to do as He did,' said the teacher. 'I think every one of us can do some good if we try.'

'What can I do?' Kate said to herself, as she went home. 'Oh, I know! I will give Nina my old man.'

Kate had only one toy. This was an old man that danced on a string. But her friend Nina had been very ill, and Kate knew that she would like the toy to play with. She told Tommy what she was going to do.

'I'll take her my kitten,' he said. So when they reached home they took the toy and the kitten to Nina.

'Oh, thank you!' said Nina; 'I should like to play with them very much. But I could not take them for my own, truly I couldn't.'

As Nina got better, they had many merry games together, and these helped Nina to get well quickly. So Kate and Tommy did some good after all.—'Our Little Dots.'

Who Stole the Baby?

(Ida S. Nichols, in 'Wellspring.')

Little Judith Cameron looked for the first time on her baby brother. She had lived seven years without either brother or sister, and oh, the joy of now having a baby brother!

'You sweet darling, you precious lamb!' she cried, as she leaned over the sleeping baby. 'O father, how kind the angels were to leave him here! Are you quite sure that he was meant for us?'

'There is no mistake,' replied her father, smiling. 'This is his home, and he is a gift to you, little daughter. You must guard him and protect him.'

'I will, indeed, I will! I'll never let anything hurt my darling baby brother.'

It did seem, as the days went by, as if no harm could come to the baby, for Judith could hardly be induced to leave his side even to eat her meals. The day baby was three weeks old, Mrs. Cameron insisted that Judith should go and spend the afternoon with one of her little playmates who lived about half a mile away.

Judith kissed the little fellow as he lay in his tiny bed, and then with a sigh turned away to obey her mother's wishes.

Just as Judith was passing through the front gate, she met Miss Smith. 'Good morning, Miss Judith,' said Miss Smith. 'I've come to steal your baby brother. I am going to take him home.'

If Miss Smith had known what a literal child Judith was, she would not have spoken as she did. She went into the house without another thought of her words. Not so with little Judith; she stood for a long time by the gate post, her heart beating fast at the thought of that horrid woman stealing her darling brother. Why, Miss Smith had washed-out blue eyes and such a big mouth! Of course brother would grow up to look just like her, for if she stole him she would be his mother, and children always looked like their mothers. Oh, dear! how could they live without him?

By this time Judith was in tears, but she choked back her sobs and quietly entered the house and went softly upstairs to the room where the baby was sleeping. The door was open into her mother's room and she could hear Miss Smith and her mother talking, but could not see them. The nurse had just gone downstairs to wash the baby's flannels, so Judith felt that the responsibility of protecting the baby rested upon her. She seized the little sleeping bundle and quietly fled downstairs, through the yard, and into the stable.

In one corner of the stable was a pile of hay in which a hen had made a nest. Judith thought this would be a nice, soft bed for baby. She laid the little one down wrapped snugly in his little blanket, and, like Miriam of old, determined to watch close by to see that no harm came to her brother.

All was quiet, except the buzzing of the flies, and the occasional stamp of the horse in the stall. Mrs. Biddy walked in and looked with surprise at her nest; she could not remember having laid such a funny-looking egg as the little bundle that occupied it. With a scared cut-a-cut-a-ca-daw-cut she hurried out to tell her sister hens.

Judith watched faithfully five, ten, fifteen minutes, then she fell asleep by baby's side.

Meantime, at the house Miss Smith chatted on with Mrs. Cameron, till she suddenly remembered she had another call to make, and, rising, she said, 'I must take another look at your sweet baby before I go.' She went into the room where she had seen baby when she first came, and was surprised to see the empty crib. 'Oh, he is not here, the nurse must have carried him downstairs. Never mind. I'll see him again sometime.' So with best

wishes to the household, Miss Smith went away.

In about half an hour nurse came upstairs with the dainty flannels on her arm and, after hanging them up to air, she went to the crib to take up the baby.

'Mrs. Cameron,' she said, 'where have you put the baby ?'

'The baby ?' exclaimed his mother.

'I left him in this crib,' said the nurse.

Mrs. Cameron almost fainted; she kept crying, 'Where is my baby, my baby? Some one has stolen him, I know. Call cook upstairs, search the house over; oh, where can my darling be ?'

The house was searched, and the cook was closely questioned; but no light was thrown on the baby's disappearance till the cook suddenly remembered that the front door had been left open all the afternoon. 'I saw a beggar woman,' she said, 'standing there with a big bundle wrapped up in a shawl. I remember she hurried down the walk when I passed through the hall.'

'Of course she stole the baby!' cried the poor mother. 'She probably slipped upstairs while we were talking, and took the baby out of his crib and hurried off. Telephone to the police and to my husband.' If Mrs. Cameron had stopped to think, she might have remembered that poor women generally have enough children of their own without stealing extra ones; but she was very much excited, and felt as if everyone wanted just her baby.

In a short time Mr. Cameron came home, pale and trembling. Two policemen and a detective came soon after.

It was just at this time that Judith awoke from her nap, and seeing by the sinking sun that it was getting late in the afternoon, she concluded that she would slip into the house and see if Miss Smith were gone, before she carried back the still sleeping baby. On entering the house what was her surprise to find her mother crying, her father looking almost ill, and three strange men talking and asking questions. Nurse, too, and cook, were talking fast and earnestly to the strange men.

'Oh, my darling child!' cried Mrs. Cameron. 'What do you think has happened ? A horrid, wicked, woman has stolen our baby boy!'

'No, she hasn't,' said Judith, thinking her mother meant Miss Smith; 'she didn't get him, I hid him where she couldn't find him!'

'Hid him from a beggar woman?' asked the detective.

'No, no,' replied Judith! 'from Miss Smith. She said she was going to steal him, so I went softly upstairs and carried him off.'

'Where is he now ?' asked the nurse.

'In the stable, in the hen's nest,' said Judith, bursting into tears as she saw the nurse, with a wrathful look, run out the door to get the baby. 'I didn't mean any harm!' Then with sobs and tears she told what Miss Smith had said to her, and how she remembered the promise she had made to her father the day baby came, that she would always protect him.

'She is a noble little sister,' said the father, 'and she shall not be blamed. Here comes the little fellow, none the worse for his outing. Don't cry, little daughter.'

The detective and the policemen left the house, laughing over the joke. By night the household had settled down into the usual quiet, and no one outside would have learned of the afternoon's excitement had it not somehow got into the newspaper, with a picture of baby asleep in a hen's nest.

'Little Gentleman Bob.'

(By Florence Stratton Weaver, in 'Pres. Banner.')

The day was moist and depressing, the children were elastic and gleeful; the teacher was worn out and helpless. Her nerves pricked as needles—they almost had possession of her. The air grew denser, the children louder, the nerves waxed victorious, and the teacher exclaimed:

'The next one who speaks one word, even whispers, shall stand in that corner one-half hour. I mean it.'

Instant silence. Miss Agnes leaned back in the chair to the more fully enjoy the calm, before continuing the classes. Suddenly a shrill little voice, a giggle and incessant talking by the same little voice.

'Who is it? Come right up; I can't break my word.'

A little shrinking figure, with heavy, oncoming sobs, stumbled forward.

'Annetta, I am sorry, you have been with us such a short time, but you must go and stand there.' With head sunk deep into the hollow of her tightly clasped arms, she went to the dreaded spot and stood with her back to the class. Louder and more convulsive grew the sobs, until it seemed that the little white Niobe would fall into a heap on the floor.

Miss Agnes felt no nerves now; she sat erect. 'That's the way,' she reflected; 'it is always so whenever I punish these children; I end by punishing myself. It's dreadful to keep that little frail, delicate new scholar standing there. Why, I have not had her long enough to teach her to love me; but what can I do ? —oh! my—' and she wiped off her face most vigorously, took out her watch and laid it on her desk. Oh! how she longed for rooms with no corners, and for the red-headed beau whom she had despised, taking the school instead for a support.

There was felt silence in the class now; the children looked awed and frightened and the sobs knew no diminution.

Suddenly a boyish form slipped out from the desk, and with pocketed hands marched up the aisle. Miss Agnes looked up and leaned over to receive Bob, glad of anything for a diversion. But he walked past her over into the corner and touched the little form on the shoulder, and said in a loud, gruff voice:

'Go on and sit down; I'll stand here for you.'

(To be continued.)

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LESSON X.—DEC. 6.

Solomon's Wise Choice

I. Kings iii., 4-15.

Golden Text.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Proverbs ix., 10.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 30.—I. Kings iii., 1-15.
Tuesday, Dec. 1.—I. Kings iv., 29-34.
Wednesday, Dec. 2.—Jas. i., 1-17.
Thursday, Dec. 3.—Prov. iii., 1-18.
Friday, Dec. 4.—II. Chron. i., 1-13.
Saturday, Dec. 5.—I. Kings ix., 1-9.
Sunday, Dec. 6.—Matt. vi., 19-34.

4. And the king went to Gibeon to sacrifice there; for that was the great high place: a thousand burnt offerings did Solomon offer upon that altar.

5. In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

6. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

7. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.

8. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

9. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?

10. And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing.

11. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment;

12. Behold, I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

13. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days.

14. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.

15. And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream. And he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt offerings, and offered peace offerings, and made a feast to all his servants.

INTRODUCTION.

For the third time in this series of lessons we find a king taking up the reins of government in Israel. We must remember that Israel had been for several generations a people of fixed national life. All the grand men who took part in bringing the people to the land of promise had long since died. The reigns of Saul and of David had come and gone, and to-day we enter the study of the reign of Solomon.

We find in I. Chronicles xxix., that Solomon received the ready and hearty allegiance of his people. He had to punish by the death penalty, several disloyal and rebellious men, as we find recorded in I. Kings ii., but the great multitudes, high and low, were loyal to the young king. The date of Solomon's accession to the throne is uncertain, but it was about a thousand years before Christ.

As yet there was no fixed place of religious worship and ceremony. We learn from the opening verses of this chapter that 'the people sacrificed in high places, because there was no house built unto the name of the Lord, until those days.' In to-day's lesson we have an account of a great gathering at Gibeon, one of those 'high places' near Jerusalem. It was a hill five or six miles north of Jerusalem. This gathering is more fully described in II. Chronicles i.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 4. 'And the king went to Gibeon,' etc. Solomon, as we learn in II. Chronicles i., assembled the chief men of the nation at Gibeon. It was a gathering very much like that before which David presented Solomon, as we saw in the last lesson. The tabernacle was at Gibeon, though the ark was at Jerusalem. The fact that the outward symbols and instruments used in their worship were thus separated shows the need for a great fixed centre for the national religion. A thousand burnt offerings were offered here.

5. 'In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night.' God comes the nearest to all of us when we are making true sacrifices for him, when self is put aside and his interests put first.

'Ask what I shall give thee.' God knew what Solomon most needed, as he knows what each of us most needs, but he wants to lead us to come to him. God wants fellowship with us, and is constantly seeking to encourage us to do our part. (See John xiv., 23; xv., 15; Revelation iii., 20.) To use a common phrase, God wanted to encourage Solomon to talk over his needs with him.

6. 'Thou hast showed unto thy servant David my father great mercy,' etc. Solomon's very first sentence in answer to God's question was an acknowledgment of God's goodness to his father, and of the fact that it was God that placed Solomon upon the throne. The spirit of thanksgiving is one of the essentials of true prayer. We are always getting more than we ask for.

7. 'And I am but a little child,' etc. Notice the progress of the king's prayer. First we had the recognition of God's goodness and providence, second, we have a humble admission of the weakness and inability in himself of the one who offers the prayer. A presumptuous petition is offensive to Heaven. You recall at once the case of the Pharisee and the Publican. The power of God is available to the one who is emptied of self-sufficiency, self-complacency, selfish desire, and self-will.

8. 'And thy servant is in the midst of thy people.' Here is another step—the sense of personal responsibility. One must feel his responsibility before he can meet it.

Here was a people that, in the expression of the king, could not 'be numbered nor counted for multitude,' and yet they were looking to him for direction and for judgment.

9. 'Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart,' etc. Up to this point the king's prayer revealed only a serious condition of affairs—his own inability in the face of great responsibility. But Solomon had the secret of success in doing the Lord's work. Knowing his own shortcomings, he turned to the resources of God. Here he showed a courageous faith.

10. 'And the speech pleased the Lord.' Such a humble, unselfish, and courageous prayer could not do otherwise. Solomon confessed weakness, owned his responsible position, but instead of asking to be relieved of it or that it might be made less, he boldly took God into partnership and met the situation.

11, 12. 'Because thou hast asked this thing. . . Behold, I have done according to thy words.' The answer came quickly, for Solomon had met the conditions.

13, 14. 'And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked.' Solomon had looked after God's work first, and now God promises to look after Solomon's interests. 'But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.' (See also Mark x., 28-30 and I. Timothy iv., 8.)

15. 'And Solomon awoke.' God spoke to him in the mystery of a dream, but the dream was a reality in Solomon's life. He awoke to return to Jerusalem and again offer sacrifice, this time before the ark of God, which symbolized his presence. When a great vision comes to a godly soul, that soul turns instinctively toward the God who sent it.

Next week we have 'The Dedication of the Temple.' I. Kings viii., 1-11, 62, 63.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Dec. 6.—Topic—What the heroes of faith teach us. Heb. xi., 1-40.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GETTING SWEET TEMPERS.

Monday, Nov. 30.—Bad temper. Prov. xv., 18.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—Envy. Luke xv., 29, 30.

Wednesday, Dec. 2.—Pride. II. Kings v., 11.

Thursday, Dec. 3.—Slowness to anger. Prov. xiv., 17.

Friday, Dec. 4.—Not resisting. Matt. v., 39.

Saturday, Dec. 5.—Patience. Rom. xv., 5.

Sunday, Dec. 6.—Topic—How to get sweet tempers. Col. iii., 8-15.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 14, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

'My Case'—Mr. Chamberlain at Liverpool.—English Papers.
Casualties—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Our Shipping Industry—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Mr. Asquith on the Tariff Question—English Papers.
Mr. Chamberlain in the Hall—C. G., in the 'Outlook,' London.
The English Weeklies on the Alaskan Award—The 'Spectator,' London; the 'Pilot,' London; the 'Speaker,' London; the 'Outlook,' London.
The United States and Panama—Encourage the Independence of Panama—'Public Opinion.'
A Perfidious Proposition—The 'Ledger,' Philadelphia.
Panama Recklessness—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
A Matter for Patriotic Nationality—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
We Simply do our Duty—The New York 'Sun.'
Opportunities to be Utilized—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Study of William Morris—The Springfield 'Republican.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Song of Music—Poem, by Ethel Clifford, in the 'Pilot,' London.
A Spadeful of Turf—By Canon Scott-Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Ladies' Pockets—Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.'
Dr. Rogers's Autobiography—Review, by Dr. Fairbairn, in the 'Christian World,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Man's Place in the Universe—A Reply to Criticisms—By Alfred R. Wallace, in the 'Fortnightly Review.' Abridged.
The Heavens in November—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph. D., in the 'Scientific American.'

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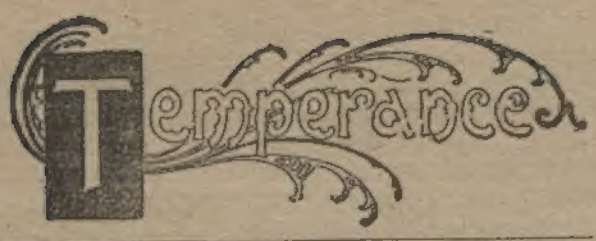

What Eminent Physicians Say

The great physicians have spoken, and that with no uncertain voice, and they have told us that alcohol is not a food, but a poison—a poison that, taken continually, even in small doses, works mischief only.

Take the leading physicians of recent years. Listen to Sir William Gull: 'I should say, from experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. There is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wine and other kinds of alcohol in their various shapes, even in moderate quantities. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol. A very large number of people in society are dying day after day, poisoned by alcohol, not supposed to be poisoned by it.'

And thus it is that Sir Andrew Clarke speaks:

'As I looked at the hospital wards today and saw that seven out of ten owed their disease to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching upon this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home-thrusting than ever it has been. Can I say to you any words stronger than these terrible facts of the abuse of alcohol? It is when I myself think of all this that I am disposed to give up my profession, to give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all man, "Beware of this enemy of the race."'

Dr. James Adams says: 'During forty years' practice in medical life in London, wherever I have found a man who has abstained from alcoholic beverage, that man was strong. If I were to ask any of you to reckon on your fingers twenty young men and women who have been brought up in families in which a moderate use of alcohol was made, you would find that at least one of them had gone wrong owing to drink.'

Said Dr. Richardson, 'If by any miracle England was made sober, the average length of life of the people would be increased one-third.'—'The Living Epistle.'

Oh! The Shame of It

It happened on the corner of Madison and State streets.

It was twelve o'clock, the hour when thousands of folks who work in the big and little shops fare forth to join the hosts on the street—everybody on a rush purpose of one kind and another.

In the midst of this crushing multitude at the north-west intersection of the two streets a young girl and a woman stood—the latter wildly gesticulating and speaking blasphemous words, while the former shrunk away from the hands that madly beat upon the air, and from the maledictions.

The woman's face was red with cruel passion and her bleary eyes were inflamed with the fever of the debauch in her veins swollen with purpling blood—a debased and debasing woman, frenzied with her own fury and the alcohol that ruled as a fiend in her brain.

The girl?—on her face was the red color of shame and in her eyes was the gloom of humiliation—a girl struck into a fright of silence by profane threats and ominous blows upon the noon atmosphere.

The girl's silence the more infuriated the woman gone mad with the lust of rum seething in her body and soul. This woman, loathsome to look upon and to hear, flung her hands with brutal intention toward the girl, and with curses as a prelude and finish, shrieked:

'Money—give me money—or I will beat you so that you will never again stand up and refuse to speak.'

What might have happened as well not to predict, had not an officer of municipal law caught the woman's uplifted hand in a strong grip while he brusquely said:

'See here!—come away from this—you are creating a disturbance—come away from here.'

Of course the woman resisted the policeman's sturdy interference—she cursed and raved—and still the girl stood silent while the great crowd stared and listened.

Losing patience the officer grasped the woman, not at all gently, and began to drag her away—the crowd making a way for the struggling pair.

The girl suddenly started out of her quivering crouch of despair—she put her hand on the officer's arm—and then she spoke:

'Don't run her in—don't!—she's my mother—and she thinks she has a right to make me give her some money. But I haven't any. I gave her the last cent I had last night. Don't run her in—for she hasn't been stealing—she's——'

Then the girl shrunk away from the officer and again was silent and the edge of the crowd murmured:

'Drunk.'

The red color of shame deepened on the girl's face—into her eyes flared a hunger for flight from disgrace—but she was trapped, hemmed in for the crowd to gaze upon—the prey of public curiosity.

The officer did not loosen his grasp on the struggling woman—but he managed to say with a ring of gentleness in his voice:

'No, I won't run her in—now run away, little girl, and get out of her sight—and she'll quiet down and go home—run away, little girl.'

Again, the girl didn't speak.

But in her eyes was a glow of gratitude in a mist of tears.

She turned away from the cause of her dishonor in the public gaze—the crowd gave her a path of escape, and she went back to the work that is, perhaps, the kindest friend she has on earth.

Then a woman in the crowd said:

'Dear Lord—dear Lord!—a drunken father is blight enough—but a drunken mother!—dear Lord!—dear Lord!'

There was a great sigh of sympathy—the crowd broke into groups and scattered.

A mere incident in the day of a great city was past and gone.—Chicago 'Journal.'

Correspondence

Peterboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My birthday comes on Nov. 16. I always read the correspondence in the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a number of interesting books, namely, 'The Bonnie Jean,' 'Gypsy's Cousin Joy,' also the Elsie and the Mildred Books. I am very fond of arithmetic, physiology and grammar. I am in the Senior III. Class. I have to walk about a quarter of a mile to the school daily. There are four rooms and four teachers, and about two hundred boys and girls in attendance.

HAZEL B. (age 10).

Reading, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger.' A very dear friend of my mamma's sends it to me. My mamma died when I was about a year old. I have a kind aunt who takes care of me. I have a little sister ten years old. I am a little more than a year older than she. I came away from Canada about three years ago. I go to school and learn very fast. This is the first letter I ever wrote to the 'Messenger.' Thank you for printing such a nice paper. J. R. H.

Hartford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to you before, and I like the 'Messenger' very much. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I am eight years old. I feed the chickens and hunt for eggs, and go to school every day, and to Sunday-school on Sunday. We have ten little pigs and seven cows and four horses, and also a good dog. I play with this dog every night. I have a train of cars; my aunt sent them to me. My birthday is on Nov. 5.

BERNARD.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and like it very much; much better than I would a town or city, because it is healthier. Riding on horseback and playing ball are my favorite sports. I have taken the 'Messenger' since last April, and I think it is a fine paper; I think it is the best paper there is printed for the price.

I enjoy reading the letters in the 'Messenger' very much. The 'Messenger' is just the paper for me, because I like reading short stories; it takes so long to read long ones. I am twelve years old, and I am five feet 5 inches tall. Can any reader of the 'Messenger' beat that?

BILL.

Ulverton, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I live on the bank of the St. Francis River, a few miles below Ulverton. I am sending for the 'Messenger' so as to have it to read when school is over Sunday night. We have had a big snow storm. Good-bye, from your little friend,

GLADYS.

L'Orignal, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have been taking it for four years. My grandfather got it for me then. I started school for the first time this fall, and am in the fourth grade. My father taught me for three years at home. I live on the bank of the Ottawa River, about sixty miles from Ottawa. We go in bathing in the summer, and we have quite a lot of boating, as I can row, and I am very fond of the water. We have had one snowstorm, but it did not amount to anything. I have a little dog named Trixey, and two canaries. We also have a large St. Bernard dog named Bruce. I wish the 'Messenger' every success.

MABEL E. M. (age 11).

Grimston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have written two letters to the 'Messenger' before, and was so fortunate as to have both published. My sister belongs to the 'Maple Leaf Club,' and thinks it is a very nice club. She wrote one letter, which was published. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and could not do without it. I like reading it, especially the correspondence, and I think there are a great many interesting letters. I saw the Northern Lights last night, and they were magnificent, for they covered the whole northern sky. My brother and sister and one of our friends, her brother and myself watched it from a hill-top. I go to school every day that I can possibly go. I like going to school very much, and I am in the senior third class. We are going to lose our teacher at Christmas, and I will be very sorry, as we like her very much. GERTRUDE T.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have read the letters in the 'Messenger' with great interest, and as I have not noticed any from Newfoundland for some time, I think I will send you a line. I am a member of one of the Methodist schools of St. John's, and receive a copy of the 'Messenger' every Sunday. Our school consists of about six hundred scholars and about ninety officers and teachers. I have several brothers and sisters who attend this school also. I have two sisters married, and as I am quite a young girl, enjoy the honor of being called 'aunt.' We live in the country during the summer months, which we look forward to every year. We quite enjoy berry-picking, hay-making, and picking the flowers and ferns which we press and keep for decorating at Christmas time. As this is my first letter, I hope I shall see it in print. FLORENCE W.

HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Hints.

Saving Steps.—The woman who does her own work would find much comfort in a simple little device adopted by a Philadelphia bride. It is a movable stand for removing the dishes from the dining-room to the kitchen, and so constructed that all dishes can be taken from the kitchen at once, thus saving many steps. Clean dishes, the different courses, etc., can be brought from the culinary regions in one 'trip.' This labor-saving device is nothing more than a stout little table mounted on rollers and fitted out with a couple of good shelves, extensions and other conveniences. The carpenter made the improvements for a couple of dollars. The little housewife says her stand has already saved her fifty dollars' worth of time and strength.—'New England Homestead.'

To sponge broadcloth, spread out the number of yards in double width. Wring sheets from cold water, fold, and place over the cloth; then fold in half-yards. This leaves every other layer next to the sheet. Set away over night. In the morning unfold and hang over a door to dry.—Minette Freeman.

One Woman's Way.—The day on which the household mattresses and pillows are renovated is an occasion of dread to the housewife on account of the dust which fills nostrils and throat, causing such unpleasant irritation. The landlady of a country boarding house, where I spent a few weeks last summer, had a method that was so simple that it is a wonder other women have not thought of it. She produced from a closet a broad-brimmed sailor hat, pinned it firmly on her head, covered herself in it with a large veil, as if to keep away mosquitoes, and then went to work.

When the Mouse Comes.—Of the many suggestions to prevent mice from entering the premises, I find the best is to paste a cloth over the mouse hole, first freely sprinkling it with red pepper. This will effectually stop them for all time.

For Croupy Children

On a small table beside my bed stands a lamp, two nails, a tin cup containing one tablespoonful of mutton tallow (or lard), two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and deep bib with strings, and two safety-pins, with which to pin on a piece of flannel the shape of a bib. As soon as baby coughs hard, I light the lamp, put the tin cup over it (on the two nails), and heat the mixture until it smokes. I then rub baby's chest well, as hot as I can use the turpentine, and I then put on the flannel pinned to the bib, tying the soft tape strings around the neck. It may sound like a fairy-tale, but if the cough is not too bad, it absolutely disappears; if very bad, it becomes so mild and the breathing so different that a distracted mother sleeps in peace. With this same remedy used hot, pneumonia has been twice averted in a neighbor's family. —'Woman's Home Companion.'

Massage for the Scalp

A fine, vigorous, daily massage, if continued, will improve the condition of the scalp wonderfully, using the finger tips on all parts of the scalp. Sun and air are nature's hair tonics. A daily sun bath not only rejuvenates but makes the hair grow.

Great care should be taken in dressing the hair to avoid twisting or knotting it tightly or uncomfortably against the head. This has a tendency to loosen and cause a falling of the hair. Hairpins, too, should be selected with care for their smoothness, dull points, and shapeliness. Never put a crooked or bent hairpin in the hair; it not only spoils the shape and style of the hair dressing, but splits the hair. As for rusty hairpins, discard them as so much poison against the tender scalp. Pure vaseline rubbed on the roots at night will stimulate its growth.—'The Pilgrim.'

Selected Recipes

Graham Gems.—Cream together one and one-half tablespoonfuls of unmelted butter and two heaping tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar. Add one well-beaten egg and one cup of milk. Sift together one saltspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of white flour and three-fourths cup of Graham flour. Bake in gem-pans in a quick oven. These are excellent for little children who desire 'a bite between meals,' as well as a welcome adjunct to breakfast or tea.

Simple Cocoanut Candy.—Take one pint sugar, quarter of a pint of desiccated cocoanut and quarter of a pint of milk. Boil these ingredients in a granite saucepan for five minutes. Remove from the fire, set in a pan of cold water and stir briskly until the mixture is creamy. Pour on a lightly buttered dish and make in squares while warm.

BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to have the pretteist Doll in the World for your very own? If so, send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will mail you postpaid, 8 large beautifully Colored Pictures, each 16 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c each, and give a Free Certificate worth 50c to each purchaser, return us the money, and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is **21** inches high, as big as a real baby, and has the loveliest, long, golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful dark eyes, rosy cheeks and movable head, arms and legs, so that you can put her in any position you wish. Her handsome dress has an elegantly tucked white yoke ornamented with diamond set gold buttons, and is trimmed with beautiful bows of satin ribbon edged with lace and very full fine white ruching which is draped around the yoke in the latest style. A very large hat ornamented with gold buckles and trimmed with an immense white imitation Ostrich feather completes her costume. Dolly has also lovely underwear, all trimmed with elegant lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. The picture shown here is an exact photograph of Dolly herself, but of course the real dolly is much prettier than her picture, because we can not show the lovely colors of her dress nor her beautiful eyes and hair in a photograph. **We know when you see her you will say she is the most beautiful doll you have ever seen.** Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful Doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little friends think she is just lovely." Mrs. Pearson, Yorkville Ave., Toronto, writes: "My little girl is highly delighted with her beautiful Doll and I am very much pleased with the honest way you treated her I can hardly get her to lay her Dolly down, she likes it so much." Girls, remember this is the biggest, the most beautiful and the best dressed Doll ever advertised by any Company. There is nothing cheap about it from its head to its feet. You could not buy it at any store for less than **$2.00 cash**, and we want to give it to you absolutely **free for selling only 8 Pictures.** Could anything be easier? May Bruce, Hayesville, N.B., writes: I sold all the Pictures in a few minutes. They went like wildfire. Everybody said they were the nicest Pictures ever sold for 25c.' Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and this beautiful dolly will be your very own in a few days. We don't want one cent of your money and we allow you to keep out money to pay your postage. THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 437, Toronto.

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These handsome Caperines cost us $3.75 each buying in large quantities for spot cash, and **we sold them all last winter for $4.95 cash** (less than wholesale price), but, as our stock is now reduced to only 32 and we expect our new supply to arrive shortly, we are going to give the whole of these 32 magnificent Caperines away **Free** for selling only **1 doz.** of our large beautifully colored Pictures **16 x 20** inches, named "The Family Record," "The Angel's Whisper," and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each. (A 50c. certificate free to each purchaser.) These beautiful Pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 different colors and are **fully worth 50c.** Everyone you show them to will buy one or more. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this

Description.

This handsome Caperine is made of the finest quality glossy black Alaska Seal, with high turned up storm collar (fur on both sides), 5 inches wide and a warmly padded and beautifully lined cape, 9 inches wide, reaching over the shoulders, the whole ornamented with 6 long full furred tails as shown in the illustration. Black Alaska Seal is one of the most durable Furs known. It is very fine, soft and beautiful, and under ordinary conditions will give ten years of satisfactory wear. The Caperine is very warm and comfortable, handsome in appearance and adds a fine stylish and dressy effect.

Handsome Fur Caperine

that you would have to pay from **$6.00 to $8.00** for in any fur store. Ladies and Girls **don't miss the grandest chance you ever had in your life,** but write for the Pictures at once or you may be too late. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that **this magnificent Fur Caperine will not cost you one cent.** Address **The Home Supply Co.,** Dept. 447. Toronto

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with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **postcard** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 468 Toronto.

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